NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII. NO. 1 | MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1877. | SEMI MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S CALL.

At the first peep of dawn, Nellie's bright eyes woke out of her quiet sleep, and remembering a scheme she had planned the evening before, when the custom of New Year's visits was the topic of conversation, aroused her little sister, and said, "It is New Year's, Bessie, wouldn't it be fun to pay papa and mamma a New Year's visit."

Bessie opened her eyes, closed and rubbed them, yawned, and then went off to sleep again.

"It's New Year's; Bessie, Won't you visit mamma, as all the big folks do?" said Nellie, who gave her sister a gentle tap on the cheek; pulled her ear gently, and just twitched her nose.

Bessie woke at this, and, although not entirely a stranger to her elder sister's freaks, asked what she wanted. The scheme of a New Year's visit was explained, and Bessie entered into it heartily. The two children then went to curly-headed Fred's cot and after admitting him into the secret, all started on their journey through the passage to the paternal chamber.

It would take a volume to describe the adventures and terrors of that journey. First the greatest anxiety was occasioned by the thought that nurse might awake and spoil their plan; that trouble escaped, they were almost "frightened out of their wits" by the cat running past them—her mew sounded to them like a lion's roar. After that their pet dog, who had been sleeping on the rug, was aroused and commenced rambolling around. What Freddy took it for, is hard to say; but he clasped his sister tightly and said that he didn't want to make a New Year's call on mamma, and entreated her to go back. But she didn't intend to do that, and pursued her course. It was quite light when they reached their journey's end, and as soon as they tapped at the door Freddy's face unclouded and was in turn

THE FIRST NEW YEAR CALL.

covered with bright smiles. his sisters also were in the best of spirits and ripe for any prank.

"Who is that in the hall?" said mamma to papa.

"I don't know; it sounds as if some one was coming this way," answered papa.

"Dear me, I believe it's the children," said the mother. "What prank are they up to now?"

The knock at the door sounded, and the conspirators entered: Freddy first bearing a sprig of the Christmas mistletoe Bessie next, and last of all the arch conspirator.

"We want some cake and wine," said Nellie, "like you give to other visitors on New Year's."

"Cake and wine," repeated Freddie.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were not people who in any way sympathized with the drinkusages of society, but, once a year, in compliance with a fashion which is rapidly becoming unpopular, they offered their guests wine. The effect that this might have on their children they did not consider; and forgot that by the careful treasury of the bottle and its production only on this day when they would begin the year with the kindest feelings and best wishes to friends, their children might grow to consider it as one of those precious things most to be desired, and to be enjoyed when men and women. Whether such is the result of the practice or not, this thought rushed into the minds of both parents at the same time on Freddie's request for cake and wine, and the mother answered quickly, as if, perceiving at one glance the ruin caused many precious children through the habit of wine-drinking.

"No wine any more, children."

"Thank you, Maria," said the father. "That is the proper course; we should have taken it long ago."

And so there was no wine presented to visitors that day but a nice cup of tea, coffee or chocolate was tendered and accepted with thanks, and visitors said that they were glad that Mr. and Mrs. Arnold's whole influence was to be cast on the side of those who in no way encouraged the use of wine.

The result of that little visit who cantell? Will all our MESSENGER friends use their full influence against that whose use causes only SORROW, woe, babbling, wounds without cause, death and destruction.

Hall of Waltpoo Bay
N. Y. Town's Club, N.S.
Geo Brown, Le cop

Temperance Department.

GRANDMOTHER GRUMBLE CONCERNING NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

My love first said he loved me
  On a moonlit New Year's ride,
And on the very next New Year,
  They kissed me as his bride;
And so for forty winters,
  Around the New Year hung
A mist of tender memories
  That kept my spirit young.

Then on the years' first morning,
  My husband fell asleep,
And all our grown-up little ones
  Came home with me to weep.
Yet in my lonely sorrow
  I bowed and kissed the rod,
For I knew that love should claim his own
  In the great New Year of God.

But now, when happy voices
  Wish glad New Years to me,
My heart is with my youngest born,
  Who sleeps beneath the sea
He had his father's features—
  My Paul who loved me so—
His father's great, warm heart, but not
  His power to answer "No."

So, when he sought the city,
  For his father's sake and mine,
I charged my son strong drink to shun,
  Nor once to taste of wine.
They tell me, for a twelvemonth
  He kept his promise well,
Then Eve's fair daughters tempted him
  With the wineglass, and he fell.

All night long had journeyed
  To spend the day with Paul,
And make it, with his glad surprise,
  The best New Year of all.
I waited at his lodgings
  Till day was almost done,
And when he staggered in at last
  I did not know my son.

But he knew me and kissed
  With lip and life defiled;
I could but shrink away, and gasp:
  "Is this your father's child?"
And then I think I fainted—
  I never did before—
They say my white face sobered him;
  But him I saw no more.

You see, he was not hardened,
  Though he had come to rate
His mother's views of right and truth
  With notions out of date.
And so he cursed his folly,
  And vowed on bended knee
To make himself a worthy son
  Ere he came back to me.

He sent a letter begging
  Forgiveness for the past,
And for a whaler's three years' voyage
  He shipped before the mast.
God knows I had forgiven,
  And could I only know
He sought forgiveness, too, of God,
  His loss were less a blow.

Like David's over Absalom
  Is my lament; for Paul
Fell overboard one stormy night;
  They heard his frenzied call
Above the roaring waters,
  And by the lightning's glare
Caught one glimpse of an ashen face
  Uplifted in despair.

So I shall not behold him
  Until the trumpet call
Shall raise the race from earth and sea
  To meet the Judge of all;
The dead are past our praying
  I know, yet can but pray
That God will give me back the child
  Of many prayers, that day.

—*Selected.*

TOMMY VAN DOTT.

Thomas Van Dott started about ten o'clock on his round of New Year's calls. Thomas Van Dott's friends called him, indifferently, Tommy, Vanny, or Dotty, from which it may be judged that he was an object of fear neither for his size nor his dignity. Tommy was a bright, harmless young fellow, a clerk in Braxton Bros.' wholesale tea and coffee house, and only three months ago joined that St. Polychromatic Church on Marqueterie Avenue. His first call was at the parsonage, where he received from the Rev. Dr. Majolica the congratulations of the day, with a kind word of hope that the year might be also full of spiritual blessings. Taking a sip of coffee and a nibble of iced cake, he proceeded with his list. Why it is that clergymen who think it perfectly right to drink wine at their parishioners, tables, should scruple to provide it for their New Year's callers we do not know.

Tommy's next call was on Mrs. Bric-à-brac, where he took another sip of coffee and another nibble of frosted cake. She offered him wine; but he had promised his mother—a tender little body, one of the most quiet and useful members of the Church Sewing Society, and who was quite too anxious about her son—that he would, for the day, join the Total Abstinence Society. Remembering his promise to his mother, and how it had seemed to please her and his invalid sister, who had nobody to love but Mrs. Van Dott and Tommy, he had no difficulty in declining.

At Madam Delft's, who was one of the praying band who broke up Peter Malady's groggery, last winter, he touched his lips again to the coffee cup and took a bite of boned turkey.

In the brick house across the street Mrs. Meissen offered him a glass of sherry; but the pretty Miss Mary Meissen looked pleased when he declined.

The next name on the list was Mrs. Faience. She lived in the elegant freestone house on the corner of Marqueterie Avenue and Palissy street, and it was with some trepidation that the little clerk rang the bell. Mrs. Faience was sister of Rev. Dr. Majolica, and she and her handsome daughters, apart from their desire to have their list of New Year's callers as large as possible, were willing enough to take a patronizing interest in the Doctor's young convert. They quite overpowered him with their politeness, blamed him softly for never having visited them, and invited him, with young Harry Majolica, who had just entered before him, into the back parlor, where refreshments were served. It was an elegant "spread," and appeared the more inviting that the warm sun, just breaking through the fog, was streaming in at the south window. While Tommy was satisfying himself with a dish of salad, Harry was enjoying his egg-nogg. Tommy had made up his mind to drink nothing stronger than coffee, and had succeeded thus far very well in refusing wine; but when grand Mrs. Faience declared it impossible that he should refuse what she had prepared with her own hands and served from her favorite *Clois-donnés* punch bowl, and when her two grander daughters begged him not to be too scrupulous, and assured him that their uncle, the Doctor, "doted" on it, and that all the clergymen in the city drank wine at their mother's house, what could poor Tommy do but follow the example of the Doctor's son? Though somewhat stronger of brandy than he had expected, Tommy pronounced the egg-nogg perfect and was not surprised at Dr. Majolica's taste.

He bowed himself out in a blaze of admiration, which burned all the way to Madame Crown Derby's, and left him no thought of his morning's vow. Never had he felt in such good spirits as at the Madame's, and the young ladies remarked, after he left, that they had not imagined he was such a vivacious young fellow. He did not refuse wine there, nor at Miss Ormolu's, nor at the Misses Satsuma's, nor at the Wedgwood's nor the Limoges', where he drank two glasses. When he had gone the lady who filled his second glass wondered that a young man should not know when he had drunk enough on New Year's Day. After that he does not positively remember where he drank wine, nor where he declined coffee; but when, late in the day, he made his last call at the Lowestoff's he could not find his card, and he stumbled when entering the door, and Mr. Lowestoff, who had finished his rounds two hours before, declared that he was disgracefully drunk. But Mr. Lowestoff was a fanatic on the subject of temperance and had made a vow to let no opportunity pass without bearing public testimony against the whole hellish series of fermented and distilled damnation.

Tommy could not tell you how he got home that night; but his mother could. Nor did he get up on Sunday morning. He does remember that when his mother and sister came to his room, before going to church, they kept their veils over their eyes while talking with him.

We fear us much for Thomas Van Dott. He missed the communion the second day of the year. Monday noon he took a toby of ale with his luncheon and laughed when the young fellows joked him about his Saturday's "spree." We do not know; but we are afraid for him, for he is an easy young fellow and he has lost his scruples about drinking. Why should he be more particular than the Rev. Dr. Majolica and all the other city ministers? Dr. Majolica has got bravely over the scruples he used to have when pastor of a country church in Maine, and Tommy Van Dott sees no necessity for being more strict than his pastor.

But we fear us much. Supposing—for such things have happened—that little Tommy should not be able to control himself quite so well as the minister. Supposing that he should get drunk again; and supposing that the day after he should be unable to be at his counter. Supposing that he should be turned out of his place, and should comfort himself with something stronger than ale; and supposing that word should come to the Rev. Dr. Majolica that his parishioner was in a bad way and had been seen several times intoxicated. What would the Doctor have to do? At the next meeting of his session he would tell his elders something like this:

"I am very sorry to learn that our young brother, Mr. Thomas Van Dott, who seemed so hopeful a convert a year ago, has fallen into bad company and is ruining himself with drink. I have taken pains to see him; but, instead of manifesting proper contrition, he excuses his fall by pleading the uses of society. He makes, brethren, your temperance and mine the excuse for his intemperance; and I fear there is no alternative but to apply to him the discipline of the Church."

And the elders will say: "It is a sad case, and very hard for his good mother and sister." And they will drop his name from the church-roll. They can't do anything else.

But we are almost sorry that Brother Lowestoff is not a member of that session; for we know he would remember his vow and take the occasion to say something like this:

"Dr. Majolica, the blood of that young man's soul is on your skirts. It is you and your example that have sent him on the road to hell. You, Dr. Majolica, are strong. You can control your appetite. You can drink wine in moderation; or, as you call it, with temperance. You say you have a right to do it; but you have no right to make your liberty the ruin of your weaker brother, it is the doctrine of devils that a man can march on his own independent way, careless where he may step or on whom he may trample. You and your sister and your son, by an act that is safe enough for you, have sent this young brother, for whom Christ died, to perdition; and it were better for you that a millstone were hanged about your neck and that you were cast into the depths of the sea."

Brother Lowestoff is a well-meaning man, but he fails to apply the laws of temperance to his language when talking on this subject.

The eloquent Doctor would tell him that he was an impractible bigot, and that it was most illogical in Mr. Van Dott to blame his pastor's example, when, instead of following it, he went so far beyond it. But is Dr. Majolica quite certain that the time may not come when against his naked soul there shall plead the shrivelled, ruined soul of the poor drunkard, and he shall be speechless?—*N. Y. Independent.*

DRUNKENNESS IN WINE COUNTRIES.

(*Dr. J. C. Holland's Letter from Switzerland to the Springfield Republican.*)

We have all been told in America, and I fully believed it, that if a people could be supplied with a cheap wine, they would not get drunk—that the natural desire for some sort of stimulant would be gratified in a way that would be not only harmless to morals, but conducive to health. I am thoroughly undeceived. The people drink their cheap white-wine here (in Switzerland) to drunkenness. A boozier set than hang around the multitudinous cafés here it would be hard to find in any American city, even where they enjoy the license of the Maine law. The grand difference in the drunkenness of an American and Swiss city is found in the fact that the man who has wine in him is good-natured, and the man who is equally charged with whiskey is a demon. There is no murdering, no fighting, no wrangling. The excitement is worked off in singing, shouting, and all sorts of insane jabber. Then the steady old white-wine topers come into blossom. If you can imagine a cauliflower of the color of the ordinary red cabbage, you can achieve a very adequate conception of faces that are not uncommon in all this wine-growing region. So this question is settled in my mind. Cheap wine is not the cure of intemperance. The people here are just as intemperate as they are in America, and, what is more, there is no public sentiment that checks intemperance in the least. The wine is fed freely to children, and by all classes is regarded as a perfectly legitimate drink. Failing to find the solution of the temperance question in the Maine law, failing to perceive it in the various modes and movements of reform, I, with many others, have looked with hope to find it in a cheap and comparatively harmless wine; but for one, I can look in this direction hopefully no longer. I firmly believe that the wines of Switzerland are of no use except to keep out whiskey, and that the advantages of the wine over the whiskey are not very obvious. It is the testimony of the best men in Switzerland—those who have the highest good of the people at heart—that the increased growth of the grape has been steadily and correspondingly attended by the increase of drunkenness. They lament the planting of a new vineyard as we, at home, regret the opening of a new grog-shop. They expect no good of it to anybody. They know, and deeply feel, that the whole wine-producing enterprise is charged with degradation for their country.

A large amount of land in this Canton of Vaud is surrendered to the cultivation of the grape; and as the wine of Switzerland is never heard of out of Switzerland, it is plain that it is all drunk here. Indeed, I have been assured that the wine produced in this canton is drunk mainly in the canton itself. Now from Villeneuve to Morges, a distance of twenty-five miles, as I guess somewhat at random, the entire lake-side, averaging half a mile in width, is a vineyard. One can say, almost with literal truth, that throughout the entire territory I describe to you, no crop but grapes are grown. For the last three weeks the whole working population, men and women, have been in these vineyards gathering the crop. The teams are employed in transporting the immensely large casks of new wine from the presses to the cellars of their owners, to the vaults of the dealers who have purchased it, and to the railroad depot for transportation to the storehouses of speculators in other quarters. There is an endeavor on the part of these people to throw a romantic interest around their vintage. The casks go through the streets with gay bouquets of flowers in their bungholes; but from what I have seen of the effect of wine here the show is all a sorry farce.

I was told, before leaving America, that I should be obliged to drink wine or beer in Europe. One good clerical friend assured me that I could not get through Great Britain safely without drinking beer. As I did not like beer, the prospect was not pleasant. Indeed, I felt about as badly discouraged as Brigham Young declares he did when the duty of polygamy was made known to him by heavenly revelation. Well; I did not drink beer, and I got through Great Britain very comfortably indeed. None of my party drank beer, and all survived not only, but improved upon cold water—the terribly poisonous cold water of Great Britain! In Paris, I took the ordinary red wine. In Switzerland, I continued it with great moderation, until I was thoroughly satisfied that every glass I drank damaged not only my health but my comfort. Now, I drink no wine at all; and that member of my party who has drank nothing but water from the time of leaving America, has experienced not one particle of inconvenience from the practice. We have all concluded that wine-drinking in Europe is just as unnecessary as it is in America, and that there never was a greater mistake than the supposition that alcohol in any form is necessary as a daily beverage for any man or woman.

TEMPERANCE MADAGASCAR.

The (English) *Alliance News* publishes the following copy of an edict promulgated by the Queen of Madagascar. It has been received from a missionary in the capital of the Island:

I Ranovalomanjaka, by the grace of God and will of my people, Queen of Madagascar defender of the laws of my kingdom. And this is what I say to you my subject. God has given me this land and kingdom and concerning the rum, oh my subjects, you and I have agreed that it shall not be sold in Antananarivo or in the district in which it was agreed it should not be sold (Imerina, the central province). Therefore I remind you of this again, because the rum does harm to your persons, spends your possessions in vain, harms your wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish (literally, gives heart to the foolish), and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God.

"All this shows the rum to be bad thing to have at Antananarivo, for at night (under its influence) people go about with clubs to fight, and they fight each other without cause, and stone each other; therefore, why do you love it, oh my people? But I tell you that trade in good things, by which you can earn money, makes me very glad indeed, oh my people. This, then, is what I say to you, oh my people, if you trade in rum, or employ people to trade in it, here in Antananarivo, or in the district spoken of above, then, according to the laws which were made formerly, I consider you to be guilty, because I am not ashamed to make laws in my kingdom which shall do you good. Therefore I tell you that if there are people who break my laws then I must punish them. Is not this so, oh my people?—Says Ranovalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, August 8, 1876."

Agricultural Department.

WHAT KIND OF BARNS.

The old method of making hay was to let it lie out several days and keep it continually stirring until it was thoroughly dry, and had more the semblance of chips than grass. The improved practice is to cut with a machine, ted it a few times, and draw it to the barn the same day. If such wilted grass is not allowed to get wet, it is found to keep quite as well as the former dried hay, especially is this the case where the barns are comparatively tight. Recent experiments are reported, in which the freshly cut grass—cut after the dew was off—was allowed the sun but a couple of hours, during which the tedder went over it once, and was then raked up and housed in a building clapboarded, tight beneath, plastered inside, and with slight ventilation, which was at once closed tight and not opened till winter, when the grass came out fresh and bright as the day it was put in. A farmer on the Berkshire hills had a short hay crop which he determined to make go as far as possible. His barn was well sheathed, without cracks. The grass was all cut early, just before blossoming, and housed the same day as cut. While carting the hay the barn doors were kept closed, save to admit the teams, which were unloaded with the doors shut. Access of air was prevented so far as possible thenceforth. The hay was closely packed in the mows. The testimony of the farmer and all his neighbors is that this crop of hay was brighter and fresher the next winter, and was more nutritious—the cattle eating less of it—than any previous crop. We might cite numerous similar examples. There is nothing in this contrary to science or sense. The over-heating of hay will only take place by the action of the oxygen of the air in the presence of moisture. Remove either and the heating will not occur. Remove the moisture and the grass becomes dry hay, less digestible, and minus some of its nutritive and aromatic qualities. It is better economy to keep out excess of oxygen, and have cured grass for fodder. There is a great saving of labor too in housing hay the same day as cut, which of itself in a strong argument for the system. Every wetting by dew, every hour's sun after the grass is wilted, lessens the value of the fodder. We can take advantage of the idea by providing tight barns, and keeping them closed until the hay has gone through its "sweat," which is a slight fermentation which drives off excess of moisture without injury to the hay, if excess of oxygen is not permitted in the meantime.—*Scientific Farmer.*

LABOR-SAVING INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The N. Y. *Observer* speaking of Agricultural Hall says: But the chief attraction of this building, after all, was the wonderful display of agricultural implements, nearly all in motion by the application of steam power through a system of shafts and belts. What would our farmers of a hundred years ago have said could they have seen and studied this vast collection of labor-saving inventions? Here was a machine for doing almost every thing that needs to be done in cultivating the soil and gathering in and utilizing its products. Here was an ingenious contrivance for digging post holes; another for making fences with wonderful rapidity. Here are new-fashioned plows, and harrows, and seed-sowers or drills, and cultivators, mowers, reapers, threshers, binders, corn-huskers, rakes, cider-mills; saw-mills in small space and portable; mills to grind wheat, oats, corn, and all sorts of grain, rapidly, and which could be stowed in a lady's Saratoga trunk; cotton-cleaners, and cotton-gins, meat-choppers, lawn-mowers, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*. Verily, agriculture is becoming a science, and will never again be what it has been. By the use of brains the farmers' muscles are to be spared, and his work mainly done by horse-power and steam-power. The exhibitions of American ingenuity here seen were astonishing, and worth days of study by everybody. Foreign nations have been deeply impressed by it, and the authorities of Brazil, Japan and other lands, have been making large purchases of these ingenious implements. New Hampshire exhibited the famous "Webster Plow," a cumbrous and heavy implement, made and used by Daniel Webster on his father's farm. It is an object of interest to multitudes. Close by this plow the same State exhibits the stuffed skins of two enormous hogs, one of which weighed, when killed, 1,307 pounds, and the other 1,253 pounds, probably the largest the world ever saw. California exhibits a mammoth grape vine from Santa Barbara, the stem of which is eighteen inches in diameter, and which, when alive, bore frequently six tons of grapes in a year.

EGGS AS FOOD.—The nutritive value of eggs, and the cheapness of their production, are scarcely realized by the public. It may seem rather improbable to state that when meat is 25 cents a pound, the food value of eggs is about 37½ cents a dozen, yet this seems to be the fact. A dozen of average sized eggs may be assumed to weigh a pound and a half. If we calculate the food values of meat and eggs as force producers, *i. e.*, the amount of work the pound oxidized in the body is theoretically capable of producing, we have 990 foot tons for the pound of lean meat, and 1,584 foot tons for the pound of eggs. As flesh producers, a pound of eggs is about equal to a pound of meat, as the following analysis will show:

ONE POUND OF EGGS.

Water	12 oz., 36 grs.
Albumen	2 oz.
Extractive	130 grs.
Oil or fat	1 oz., 214 grs.
Ash	28 grs.

Will produce on the maximum 2 oz. of dry muscle or flesh.

ONE POUND OF BEEF.

Water	8 oz.
Fibrin and albumen	1 oz., 122 grs.
Gelatin	1 oz., 62 grs.
Fat	4 oz., 340 grs.
Mineral	350 grs.

—*Kensington Museum Catalogue.*

A hen may be calculated to consume 1 bushel of corn yearly, and lay 12 dozen or 18 pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that 3½ pounds of corn will produce, when fed to this hen, 1 pound of eggs. A pound of pork, on the contrary, requires about 5½ pounds of corn for its production. When eggs are 24 cents a dozen, and pork is 10 cents a pound, we have the bushel of corn fed producing $2.88 worth of eggs, and but $1.05 worth of pork. Judging from these facts, eggs must be economical in their production and in their eating, and especially fitted for the laboring man in replacing meat.—*Scientific Farmer.*

IGNORANT FARMERS.—It is a very general opinion among other classes that the farmers have in their ranks all the ignoramuses of the land. We have always known that this opinion was wrong, and have so expressed ourselves frequently. If our friends wish to have the conceit taken out of them and find out how badly they are mistaken, we would suggest that they visit the fairs, talk horse, Short-horn, Berkshires, or anything else that comes under the head of farming or stock-raising, and they will see at once that this much-maligned class are as thoroughly posted in their business as other people. We know we have much to learn, that agriculture as a science has too long been neglected: yet we think it has kept fully up with the times, and to-day there are more educated men to be found in its ranks than in all of the professions combined. The individual who understands his business, whether it relates to the raising of a head of cabbage or of a $40,000 Short-horn, is an educated man. It is not only among the practically educated that the farmer stands on an equal footing with other classes; but when we visit our schools, colleges, and universities we find that the sons and daughters of farmers have not only bone and muscle, but brains, and more of them than any class with which they come in competition. We did not start out in this article to enumerate all the advantages and sources of information in which the agriculturists have a decided advantage; but merely enter our protest against that class of would-be teachers who are everlastingly prating about the ignorance of the farmers.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

PLANTS AS SANITARY SCOUTS.—A London journal raises the question, "How comes it that such a well-known and sensitive plant as the camellia suffers so much in so many living rooms and windows, that many have given it up for these purposes?" and proceeds to answer it thus: "It is an easy matter to remove the plants and to substitute others of less value. But might it not be far wiser to enquire into the causes of the leaves turning yellow, and the buds dropping off, as they frequently do in living rooms and window gardens? Is it not, in fact, more than probable that the causes that injure such plants as camellias also injure the human occupants? What are the chief causes that turn the leaves of plants yellow in living rooms, or make their buds fall? They are chiefly these; gas and fire dried atmosphere, sudden draughts, and extreme alterations of temperature. Are these more salutary or less injurious to men than to plants. They are more mischievous to us than to plants. The parched atmosphere of our rooms is a constant irritation to weakly or diseased lungs. It dries up the natural juices of the body, excites thirst, and causes exhaustion, and perhaps one of the most grateful and wholesome changes that could be effected in our dwelling houses would be the genializing, by some skilful means, of our gas, lamp, and fire-burnt atmosphere, that delicate women and children inhale all day and all night long. The plants cannot stand it with impunity, neither can we."

EFFECT OF SALT ON WHEAT.—In an interesting series of experiments recently made on the farm of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the manurial value of salt was unmistakably indicated. An acre of wheat dressed with three hundred pounds of common salt yielded thirty-nine bushels of grain, with a proportionate amount of straw, while an adjoining acre, left unmanured, produced only twenty-nine bushels per acre. The cost per acre of the crop is not stated, but this experiment shows that the additional ten bushels resulting from the salt were produced at a cost of thirty cents each. In another place a piece of ground intended for wheat was plowed the preceding fall, and again in May, when it was sowed with salt, and afterwards plowed before seeding. On the 1st and 2nd of September wheat was sown at the rate of two bushels to the acre. The crop, when harvested, yielded, according to the estimate of the owner, not less than forty bushels of grain to the acre, with a luxuriant growth of straw. From these and many similar cases the inference seems to be that salt is a specific for the wheat crop, imparting solidity to the grain and firmness to the straw. Much, however, depends on the nature of the soil; on many soils salt does no perceptible good.

BEES IN OLD HIVES.—Dagden's "Bee Book" says: "Never put a swarm of bees into an old hive, as there will almost certainly be the egg of the honey-moth deposited in the crevices of the hive, which will hatch out and probably destroy the swarm. Nothing is more to be dreaded by the bee-keeper than the moth, and when they once gain an entrance to a hive the bees appear as if powerless to expel them, although they will seize them savagely at the entrance. When the moths have once established themselves in a hive, and the maggots begin to eat their way through the combs, the sooner the bees are fumigated and put into another hive the better, as for them to remain with the moth maggots will be certain destruction to them. Moths as well as the large slug may be taken in great numbers, late on summer evenings, by spreading a mixture of sugar, home-made wine and rum, on the walls or the stems of trees."

THE HORSE FANCIER.—"A neighbor of mine," says a correspondent of the *Rural Home*, "recently informed me that he had lost a most valuable horse by a casualty by no means uncommon. A knowledge of a simple remedy would have prevented this loss. The horse trod upon a nail which entered his foot. Lameness followed, the nail was extricated, but lockjaw supervened, resulting in death. An unfailing remedy in such cases is muriatic acid. If, when a nail is withdrawn from a horse's foot, the foot should be held up and some muriatic acid be poured into the wound, neither lameness nor lockjaw need be feared. Why the iron should have the effect which frequently has, and the rationale of the above remedy, I am unable to explain; but of the certainty of the counteraction of disease by this perfectly safe application, I am well convinced."

WHY DO ANIMALS NEED SALT?—Prof. Jas. Johnson, of Scotland, says:—Upward of half the saline matter of blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt, and this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, so that the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda (one of the constituents of salt) as a special constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion nor the cartilages to build up again as fast as they naturally waste. It is better to place salt where stock can have free access to it than to give it occasionally in large quantities. They will help themselves to what they need if allowed to do so at pleasure; otherwise, when they become "salt hungry," they may take more than is wholesome.—*Ex.*

DISSOLVED BONES.—In a late issue of the *Queenslander* we recommended dissolved bones as a good fertilizer, and we are now asked: How are bones dissolved? When a bone-grinding mill is not within reach, the bones may be broken up into small pieces; soak them in water, then add 50 pounds of sulphuric acid to every 100 pounds of bones. When the bones are dissolved, they are liable to set solid. To prevent this, mix earth with the mass, and the bone fertilizer is ready for use.

DOMESTIC.

THE USE OF HARTSHORN.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are very many articles with which every housekeeper is familiar that can be made helpful in many ways, and some that can lighten labor wonderfully, if their modest excellencies were only better understood; and none can be used for so many purposes, with great success and entire safety, as ammonia. Most of our housekeepers think of it as only to be used in "smelling bottles," as our grandmothers used to call them, for faintness and headache. But let us enumerate some of the ways in which, if properly applied, it can make many kinds of labor easy, over which now we groan and are troubled.

A quart of "concentrated spirits of ammonia" can be purchased at the wholesale druggist's for twenty-five cents. This is the strongest form—so very powerful that one should take care in removing the stopple, which should be of glass, not to inhale the fiery vapor, as it would be dangerous.

To prepare this for common use, or like that found generally at the drug-stores, mix one quart of alcohol with one quart of salt water; shake well together and then add the quart of concentrated ammonia, and, for a trifle, you have three quarts of one of the most useful compounds to be found.

FOR INK SPOTS, on marble, wood or paper, apply the ammonia clear, just wetting the spot repeatedly till the ink disappears.

INK-SPOTS ON THE FINGERS may be instantly removed by a little ammonia. Rinse the hands after washing in clear water.

GLASS.—Put half a teaspoonful into clear water to wash tumblers or glass of any kind, rinse and dry well, and they will be beautifully clear.

FOR CLEANSING THE HAIR.—A few drops in the water with which the hair is to be washed leaves it bright and clean. Rinse with clear water after, as ammonia has a tendency to dry the hair.

FOR PANTS, COAT-COLLARS AND WOOLLENS nothing cleanses so quickly or so thoroughly For grease spots on carpets it is unequalled. It will not injure the most delicate colors. It is well to rinse off with a little clear alcohol.

SILKS.—A little ammonia in a few spoonfuls of alcohol is excellent to sponge silk dresses that have grown "shiny" or rusty, as well as to take out spots. A silk—particularly a black—becomes almost like new when so sponged.

FOR WASHING WINDOWS, LOOKING-GLASSES, &c., a little ammonia in the water saves much labor aside from giving a better polish than anything else; and for general house-cleaning it removes dirt, smoke and grease most effectually.

FOR CLEANING JEWELLERY there is nothing better than ammonia and water. If very dull or dirty, rub a little soap on a soft brush and brush them in this wash, rinse in cold water, dry first in an old silk handkerchief, and then rub with buck or chamois skin. Their freshness and brilliancy when thus cleaned cannot be surpassed by any compound used by jewellers.

FOR WASHING SILVER.—Put a half a teaspoonful into the suds in which silver is washed; have the water hot; wash quickly, using a small brush, rinse in hot water, and dry with a clean linen towel; then rub very dry with a chamois skin. Washed in this manner, silver becomes very brilliant, and requires no polishing with any of the powders or whiting usually employed, and the silver does not wear out.

HAIR-BRUSHES.—A few drops of ammonia put into a little water will clean a hair-brush better than anything else, and does the brush no harm. If very dirty, rub a little soap on the brush. After cleansing, rinse in clear water and hang the brush up by the window to dry. Do not let the bristles rest on any hard substance while wet. It is better to tie a string round the handle and hang up.

SPOTS ON TOWELS AND HOSIERY will disappear with little trouble if a little ammonia is put into enough water to soak the articles and they are left in it an hour or two before washing, and if a cupful is put into the water in which white clothes are soaked the night before washing, the ease with which the articles can be washed, and their great whiteness and cleanness when dried, will be very gratifying. Remembering the small sum paid for three quarts of ammonia of common strength, one can easily see that no bleaching preparation can be more cheaply obtained.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—Put half a teaspoonful of this ammonia to half a tablespoonful of alcohol; wet a bit of woollen cloth or soft sponge in it, and rub and soak the spot with it, and the grease, if freshly dropped, will disappear. If the spot is of long standing it may require several applications. In woollen or cotton the spot may be rubbed when the liquid is applied, and also in black silk, though not hard. But with light, or colored silk, wet the spot with the cloth or sponge with which the ammonia is put on, patting it lightly. Rubbing silk, particularly colored silk, is apt to leave a whitish spot almost as disagreeable as the grease spot.

CENTENNIAL BISCUIT.—Make a good hasty pudding: boil till the meal is well cooked. Set aside to cool. When milk warm, to every quart of the pudding work in flour sufficient to make a stiff dough. Then make into biscuits, put in the bake-pan and let them stand in a warm place over night. Bake for breakfast in a hot oven and eat while hot.

JOHN BUNYAN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

John Bunyan! The name is no sooner mentioned than it recalls the memory of the Glorious Dreamer, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The time was when unless any one was particularly anxious to be lodged in jail, it might have been somewhat dangerous for

BIRTHPLACE OF BUNYAN.

him to express any sympathy with or admiration of such a man. He was born in dark and troublous times, when imprisonment might be almost hourly anticipated by any one who dared to be honest and good. Bunyan's birthday was in 1628, a period, it will be remembered, when those who had the power seemed ready to inflict any cruelty on those who did not see eye to eye with them upon religious questions. His native place was Elstow, near Bedford. where the old house in which he was born is still to be seen.

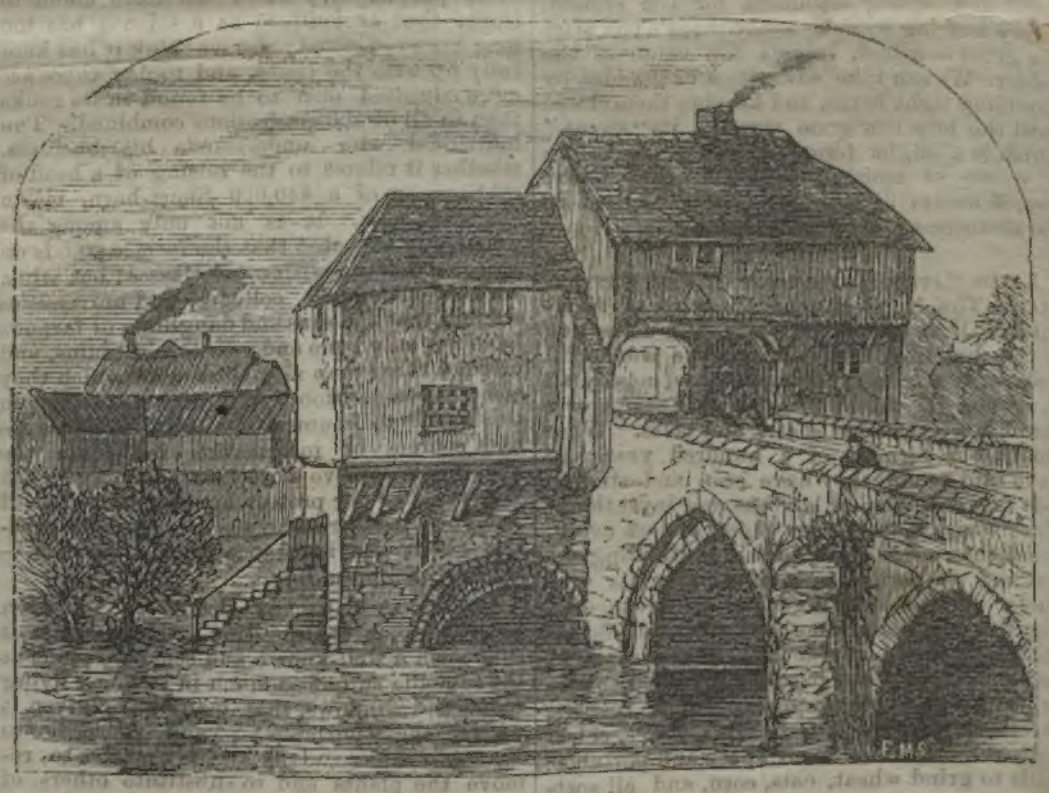
His parents though poor were respectable; and though at times they were in very needy circumstances, contrived to give him the best education they could afford, His early life, according to his own confession, was spent in ways which he never reflected upon without feelings of the deepest horror. It seems to be really open to doubt whether his life was so depraved, outwardly at least, as in after years he represented; but of his being addicted to many of the vices of the day, there seems to be no manner of question. Amongst these vices were cursing and lying, and in these Bunyan describes himself as "a master sinner."

As he grew up, following his father's trade of a travelling tinker, it is worthy of notice that it was to some simple, pious women at Elstow that he was first indebted for convictions which, in the end, led to his becoming a perfectly changed character. He would sometimes creep up to a cottage door and listen to their conversation as they worked at the spinning wheel; and was so impressed by what he heard, that he resolved to give up his swearing habits. At about the age of eighteen he enlisted as a soldier in the Parliamentary army, and, as all know, Cromwell's soldiers were no swearers.

"They employed their vacant hours," says Hume, in his history, "in perusing the Holy Scriptures, in prayer, in conferences, when they compared the progress of their souls in grace, and mutually stimulated each other to further advances in the great work of their salvation. When they were marching to battle the whole field resounded with psalms and hymns adapted to the occasion, and every man endeavored to drown the sense of present danger in the prospect of that crown of glory which was set before him."

That Bunyan should have joined these men, who would as soon have thought of insulting their officers as of uttering a profane word, must be taken as evidence of his desiring to escape from the evil habits of his early life. Hundreds of youths of his own age joined the gay and godless cavaliers, whose swearing and debauchery were their chief characteristic. Bunyan, there is no doubt, must have been at the siege of Leicester in 1645; but after about a year's service he quitted soldiering and came back to the neighborhood in which his boyhood had been spent.

Perhaps the turning-point in his career was his falling in love with the gentle, pious soul who became his wife. She was poor, but she had been well brought up, and presented her husband with two old books as the only marriage portion she had to offer him. These were entitled, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety." It was soon evident that the wife's influence over him was of the best and most salutary kind. Although he passed through some fearful mental struggles before, at last it became clear to him that he was intended to be a preacher. A preacher of the Baptist body, however, we ere long find him, and settled over a congregation in Bedford. After about five years spent in this work, he was arrested and thrown into the old jail of his native town, for no other offence "than preaching what he did himself most smartingly feel," to use his own plain words. The charge upon which he was thrown into Bedford jail was, "that he had devilishly and perniciously abstained from going to church to hear divine service." Bunyan could not, of course, deny the charge, or meet it by saying that he had gone to chapel.



OLD BEDFORD JAIL.

"The days had come which," as Macaulay finely says, "can never be recalled without a blush; the days of servitude without loyalty, of sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The caresses of harlots, the jests of buffoons, regulated the policy of the State. Poetry did but inflame the passions, philosophy undermined principles, while divinity itself, inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to the licentious example of those in authority."

Prisoner though he was, Bunyan's moral courage was equal to all the taunts which were heaped upon him. "If you let me out to-day," he bravely said, "I will preach again to-morrow." His wife again went before the judges to plead for him. "My lord," she said to the judge, "we have four small children that cannot help themselves, one of them is blind, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people." Her pleading was in vain, and Bunyan was still kept close. One cannot even at this day read the simple record of his sufferings without a sigh. We think of the children at home, asking, When is father coming back? We think of his little blind daughter, upon whom he could not bear that the wind should blow roughly, coming to "see" him, or to touch him, to make sure that he was alive.

Every one knows how the history of the writing of the Pilgrim's Progress, and that it was written in the course of the twelve years during which he was in Bedford jail. To support his family, while he was a prisoner, he made stay-laces; but a considerable portion of his time was spent in reading and writing his immortal book. The old prison in which he was confined must have been horrible indeed, to have suggested to Bunyan the notion that he might remain there "till the moss should over-

grow his eyebrows!" Dreadful as this "den" was, however, it was here that the first part of his book was written, and by-and-by his prison doors were thrown open, and he was once more free! Crowds flocked to hear the liberated prisoner preach; and whenever he visited London, the old chapel in Southwark was filled to overflowing. He did not confine his ministrations to the metropolis, but went through the length and breadth of the land, and "Bishop Bunyan," as he was called, never wanted for a large congregation. He died August 12th, 1688, at the house of a friend on Snow Hill. His last act had been one of mercy, for he came to London to intercede for a son who had incurred his father's displeasure. He was sixty years of age when he died, and he was buried in Bunhill Fields.

"Most of my hearers will remember Lord Macaulay's saying, that the seventeenth century produced in England two men only of original genius, who possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those men produced the 'Paradise Lost,' and the other 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' These two men," continued the Dean, "were both Nonconformists; one was John Milton, and the other was John Bunyan. I will venture this further remark, that the whole of English literature has produced only two prose works of universal popularity, and the authors of both of these were Nonconformists. One of these two books was called 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the other was the work of a Baptist preacher, and its name was the 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Every time we open those well-known pages, or look upon this memorable face, we, as churchmen, are reminded that Nonconformists have their own splendid literature; and Nonconformists may be reminded that literature and culture are channels of grace no less spiritual than sacraments or doctrines."

FAC SIMILE OF ENGRAVINGS IN THE FIRST EDITION OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Who has not read Pilgrim's Progress? Who that has read it can refrain from adopting as his own the oft-repeated opinion, that, "next to the Bible, there is no book like it." Men and women of all ranks, the old and young, the educated and ignorant, have found in it a charm possessed by no other book, and have sat at the feet of Bunyan with far deeper interest and affection than the most diligent learners at the feet of the wisest of teachers. The power of the book undoubtedly consists in its simple truth; and because that truth is divinely adapted to touch heart and conscience as nothing else can.

No one can have even a slight acquaintance with the story of the age in which John Bunyan lived without seeing with what vivid and graphic touches some of its leading characters are painted. In truth, he may be regarded as

A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Judge Jeffreys, of infamous memory, might have sat for the portrait of Lord Hategood, who tries "Christian" and "Faithful" in "Vanity Fair." We hear Jeffreys himself in the stern words addressed to one of the pilgrims, "Sirrah, sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place."

It was before judges who treated their prisoners with vile abuse the moment they were brought into their presence that Bunyan had himself appeared.

One judge did not think it beneath his dignity to tell him that he was quite right in thinking that he ought not to hide his gift; but that his gift was in mending old kettles rather than in preaching the Gospel. All this "he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." The celestial city of which he wrote in such glowing words was something far beyond a dream to him. It was a deep and grand reality; and because it was such, he could suffer and be strong, not counting his life dear unto him, that he might come out triumphant at the last.

But it was not merely in his portraits of the judges of his day that Bunyan was successful a sa painter. He was, perhaps, even more lifelike in his sketches of some of the good and true of that degenerate period.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

GRANDPA AND BESS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two bright heads in the corner,
  Deep in the easy-chair;
One with a crown of yellow gold,
  And one like the silver fair;
One with the morning's rosy flush,
And one with the twilight's tender hush.

"Where do the New Years come from?"
  Asks Goldilocks in her glee;
"Do they sail in the pearly shallop
  Across a wonderful sea;
A sea whose waters, with rainbows spanned,
Touch all the borders of fairy-land?

"Do all the birds in that country
  Keep singing by night and day?
Singing among the blossoms
  That never wither away?
Will they let you feel, as you hold them near,
Their warm hearts beating, but not with fear?

"And the happy little children!
  Do they wander as they will,
To gather the sweet wild roses,
  And the strawberries on the hill,
With wings like butterflies all afloat,
And a purple cloud for a fairy-boat?

"There surely is such a country;
  I've seen it many a night,
Though I never, never could find it,
  Awake in the morning light;
And that is the country, over the sea,
Where the beautiful New Years wait for me."

"Where do the New Years come from?"
  Says grandpa, looking away
Through the frosty rime on the window,
  To the distant hills so gray;
"They come from the country of youth, I know,
And they pass to the land of the long ago.

"And which is the fairest country,
  Dear heart, I never could tell;
Where the New Years wait their dawning,
  Or the beautiful Old Years dwell;
But the sweetest summers that ever shone
To the land of the long ago have flown.

"The New Years wait for you, darling;
  And the Old Years wait for me;
They have carried my dearest treasures
  To the country over the sea.
The eyes that were brightest, the lips that sung
The gladdest carols when life was young.

"But I know of a better country,
  Where the Old Years all are new;
I shall find its shining pathway
  Sooner, sweet heart, than you;
And I'll send you a message of love and cheer
  With every dawn of a glad New Year."

The eyes of the dear old pilgrim
  Are looking across the snows,
While closer nestles the merry face,
  With its flush like a pink wild rose.
Dreaming together, the young and old,
Locks of silver and crown of gold.

—*Little Corporal.*

JOE PAULLET'S FOLLY.

"Mother!" Joe Paullet dashed through the barnyard, leaped the garden fence, and rushed hot and breathless, into the shaded porch where his mother sat sewing, a pale old Quaker lady beside her.

"Mother, the boys are going on an expedition up Wolf Creek, nutting and fishing; start to-morrow morning, and camp out all night in the woods,—Jim Slater's tent, you know! Can I go?"

"O Josy!" cried a feeble voice, and a boy's pale face, all alight with excitement, was thrust out of a hammock which was slung under the walnut tree.

Joe, who was a stout, red-faced boy of twelve, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Don't call me Josy. Girls and babies have such names. I say, mother, can I go?"

Mrs. Paullet looked anxiously from one brother to the other. The little face in the hammock grew more eager. "O mother! *Could* I? It is so many years since I was out nutting, and I never camped out in my life."

"Of course you can't go, Charlie Paullet! Do you think I'm going to play sick nurse for two days?" cried Joe, savagely.

Charley drew back as though he had been struck a blow.

"No, of course not, Josy. I didn't think."

But this time a gang of boys had followed Joe, and stood on the steps of the porch. Two or three of them cried "Shame!" and Jim Slater burst out with,—

"Indeed but you shall go, Charley! It will be perfectly safe, Mrs. Paullet. Old Jacob will drive us to the head of the Wolf Creek, and there we'll pitch the tent, and Charley can catch the nuts as we throw them down; or he can fish or lie in the tent and read. And we'll cook our own meals, and Charley's splendid at boiling ham!"

"Oh, he must come!" the boys all cried in chorus,—all except Joe, who stood glowering sullenly at his brother.

"I cannot promise, boys, until I consult Dr. Kane. Joe can go. Perhaps he will enjoy his sport more when he thinks of his sick brother at home." She tried to speak severely, but her voice trembled and the tears came.

Joe shrugged his broad shoulders. "Pshaw!" he growled, going down the walk. "Mother always contrives to take the pleasure out of everything, thrusting in that whining baby."

"Charley is not half the whiner you are, Joe Paullet, if he is sick," said Slater, who had a mind and tongue of his own.

Mrs. Paullet did not speak until Charley had crept away slowly, to feed the chickens. He walked with a cane though he was not lame, and leaned on it as he walked.

The old Quakeress looked after him with a sigh. "I thought thee said, Susan, that the boy was growing stronger. I see but little change in him since I was here last year."

"Oh, there is a change. Until this last winter Dr. Kane never encouraged me to hope that he could live. Now he says every chance is in his favor. He is so clever a boy, too; as far advanced in his studies as young men of nineteen, in spite of his illness. Sometimes I think he will be the stay and comfort of my old age. He is as gentle and affectionate as a girl,—poor little Charley!"

"Joseph does not agree with thee in thy praises of Charley, I fancy," said Aunt Maria.

"I cannot understand Joseph," said his mother. "During the last year or two he has grown hard and bitter to his brother. He has his friends among the other boys, to whom he is kind and generous, but he has no pity for Charley. The other boys are very tender with the little fellow, but Joe looks at him as he goes hobbling about, as though he wished him dead."

Dr. Kane gave Charley permission to go. "Out-door life was what the boy needed," he said, "and with his big brother to take care of him, there was no danger."

Joe went off muttering what seemed very like an oath. Three years ago, he and Charley slept in one bed; played and studied together; had not a book, a toy, a thought separated. He remembered very well how he had fought Tom Pratt for calling Charley Miss Whey-face, and how, when Charley had to give up school, he would watch at the window for hours to see Joe come home, and to hear all that the boys had done.

Now—oh, well, it is all different now. Joe felt himself a man; was proud of his bigness of body, his gruff voice, his rough manner to his mother, very much as the young ox in the meadow rejoices in his beef and hot blood and ability to kick. Charley had somehow dwindled out of his real life, and was in Joe's view a puny, miserable burden, perpetually standing in his way.

"I think," said Charley to his mother in the evening, "I had better not go. Josy would have more fun himself without me. It is hardly fair that he should be bothered with me."

"I'll take care of you," cried Jim Slater.

"I wish you to go, Charley," said his mother. She took Joe aside, and tried to rouse his pity for the little fellow, but all to no purpose. He listened in sullen silence. The boy seemed utterly changed from his own self.

During the whole of the ride to Wolf's Creek, he did not come near Charley, but remained with the other boys in the front of the waggon. Charley, who was usually full of fun, grew very pale and quiet. He had fancied that when they were once in the woods together, Joe would remember the good old times and speak kindly to him.

He thought he would give anything to have him clap him on the back, and shout, "Hillo, cap!" again, as he used to do.

Charley helped to build the fire and cook the supper, and brought a plate to Joe, saying, "Here's a bit of ham I did for you myself, extra nice, Joe."

But Joe gave the plate a shove, and grunted out that he reckoned he could cook what he wanted himself.

There was a certain Tom Pratt of the party, the same whom Joe had thrashed long ago. He never had liked Charley, and had his own reasons for urging Joe to neglect and annoy him. The next morning, while the other boys had gone nutting down the mountain, Charley took his rod and began to fish, but soon fell fast asleep in the warm sunshine. Joe and Tom were on the hill, near the tent.

"Charley's a nuisance, always tagging after you, Joe."

"That's so," growled Joe.

"It would be a good thing if he'd go back with old Jacob this afternoon."

"Yes; but it can't be done."

"I think I can manage it," after a pause. "Let's give him a good scare,—knock some life into him, eh? See here."

"What's that? Powder."

"Hush-sh! Yes. Now I'll tell you. We'll make a circle about him, far enough off not to hurt him, you understand. I've got a pack of fire-crackers, and we can put them near by, so they'll go off. This string will make a slow match. We'll have time to be a mile away before they explode."

"It might kill him, Tom."

"Kill him! nonsense! Do you think I've a mind to be hung? You can drop the powder yourself. Just scare up his small wits, and send him home with Jacob to his mammy, where he belongs."

"She'll nurse him! He's the lamb and I'm the black sheep."

"Well, come on." Joe got up and took the powder. The black line was dropped in a circle about the sleeping boy, the crackers and fuse arranged, and the match applied. Then the mischief-makers ran headlong, with a guilty delight and terror at their hearts, down the hill.

They had scarcely reached the foot when an explosion was heard, then a feeble, shrill cry, then a louder report, and after that a single call.

"Oh, Josy!"

"He's a calling me to help him!"

Tom clutched him with both hands. "Do you want to let them know we're here?"

"He does not make a sound! Oh, I'm afraid we've killed him!"

Tom's shaking hand loosened, and Joe darting up, reached the top of the hill just as old black Jacob stooped and lifted the child, limp and motionless, in his arms. Joe saw at a glance what had happened, and stood stunned. Charley had been roused by the first explosion; had started to his feet, and fallen with his face upon the line of powder.

Jacob laid down the body, took up one hand, and let it fall. "De chile am dead. Who hab done dis?"

Joe threw himself upon it. "Charley, speak to me! Oh, no, no, it cannot be! It's Joe, Charley, it's Joe!" holding the child's head close to his breast.

"The voice ob yer brudder's blood cries agin you from de ground," said Jacob, solemnly.

He carried Charley down to the water, rubbed him and bathed his face, while the boys stood round trembling.

More than an hour passed before the old man said, "Praise de Lord, de boy draws his breff. Put in de hosses, chillen. I must get him to de doctor afore nightfall."

Charley was laid on the heaped straw in the waggon, while Joe sat beside him, and they were driven slowly down the hill. Every jolt of the wheel brought forth a cry from the tortured boy. At last he moaned, "Josy!"

"I'm here, Charley."

"I didn't know. Could I hold your hand?"

Joe felt as if it was a murderous hand touching the body he had killed.

I shall not tell of the horrors of that night,—how until morning they waited for the boy to die, so great had been the nervous shock to his feeble frame. It was a night of which Joseph Paullet never spoke afterwards, although it changed the whole current of his life.

Just as morning dawned, the doctor beckoned him into the chamber. On the bed lay the little thin figure, the face covered with white bandages. His mother sat beside him, his head on her breast.

"Joseph," said the doctor, kindly, "I thought you would wish to be near your brother. Take his hand; let him feel that all whom he loves are near him. There is something I must tell him. Charley,"—the old man's voice was unsteady,—"God has spared you to us, my boy. But your eyes—the powder entered both. You will never see again."

Charley was only a boy. He started up, and then started and turned to his mother.

It was five minutes before Joe spoke. Then his voice sounded as full and strong as a man's. He stood up still holding his brother by the hand.

"Mother, I did this thing. I loved Charley. But the devil got possession of me. I want to say now, before Charley and you, and before my God, that from this night I give myself to my brother. I will spend my life in making up to him what I have taken from him."

"It is easy to promise," said the doctor, when he had gone home. "A boy's words are wild words. No good will ever come of Joe Paullet."

Our story is as to facts, a true story. There was no outburst of sentiment in Joe Paullet's course, but hard, practical work. Mrs. Paullet's means were small. From that day Joe betook to hard work at school, to fit himself to earn money, and at home helped Charley with his lessons.

The boys went through college together, Joe being the eyes for his brother, who often did the brain work for him.

Joe became a man of business. He was shrewd, honest, and as it proved after awhile, possessed of exceptional financial ability. "He made money hand-over-hand," people said, in the city, while Charley and his mother remained on the homestead. One use Joe made of his money was to surround them with every luxury which his eager fancy could devise. Charley's strongest passion was for music. He had the best masters; was sent for years abroad to study.

They are gray-headed middle-aged men now, and live together at the farm, which is one of the most beautiful country seats in the West. Their mother is still living, and always calls them "the boys." There is no sign of loss or sacrifice or martydom in either of them. The house is the centre of the society of the city, near which it stands, and there are no more genial, happier fellows or shrewder thinkers than the Paullet brothers.

Joe never married. There was a whispered story that he loved a pretty little cousin who visited his mother years ago, but finding that Charley had cared for her too, never told his love. She refused to marry Charley. Joe had little reason to doubt his success if he asked her to be his wife. "But how could I bring her home to make him miserable?" he said to his mother.

So she passed out of his life. He was a quieter, kinder man after that; but he never cared for another woman.

How kind and tender a man he is all the poor about him know, but nobody as well as Charley.

"Dear old Joe!" he says to his mother, sometimes. "Life has been very beautiful and good for him and me! God knew what was best for your boys."

So they go tranquilly, hand in hand, down the hill together.—*Youth's Companion.*

PARTNERS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Tip was the elder of the two. I can't really say how old he was, and what is more, Tip himself didn't know. He wore a man's coat and a pair of very small trousers, but neither fitted him. His hat was an old felt affair that he had picked up in a back alley, and his head seemed very much as if might have been picked up with it.

Top was the other partner. It was Top who bought the melon, because he had sold all his papers but one, and had an uncommon handful of change. The melon was cheap too, and only a trifle spoiled, so the partners sat down on a stone and ate it. Then Tip wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve and looked at Top, who had spread his last paper over his knees, and was slowly spelling out the news.

"There's a row somewheres, but I can't make out which side is lickin'; it's the Turkeys or the other fellers. What be the Turkeys, Tip?"

"Base-ball fellers, I reckon; them kind is great at a scrimmage."

"And a freshet carried off a railroad-bridge. Tarnado in Dubbs County; blowed all the oats down. Does oats grow on trees, Tip, or bushes?"

"Bushes, and kind o' limber."

"'Tarrible catastrophe.' What would a catastrophe be, Tip?"

"It a kind o' jumpin' animal. Don't ye mind the one we seen to the circus?"

Top folded up his paper with a sigh.

The circus was the beginning of the partnership, when the two boys, curled up together in a crockery-crate, had been awakened in the dusk of a May morning by the long train of circus-waggons rumbling away into the country. Half asleep, they followed on, keeping pace with the great brown hulk that strode with swaying trunk after the waggons, and glancing half fearfully at the awkward camels that bared their great teeth viciously, as if they would not at all mind making a mouthful of the two little vagabonds. Once a driver noticed them, and cracked his long whip at them; but they only fell back a few steps.

"I say, Tip, let's go on till it stops," whispered Top; and with a nod the bargain was concluded.

It was ten o'clock before the circus stopped, and the boys, footsore and hungry, hung around the waggons, getting plentiful kicks and abuse, which was no more than they were accustomed to at home, but rewarded by a glimpse of the animals as they were fed, and making a rare breakfast on a loaf of bread that a girl in a dirty spangled dress snatched from one of the waggons and tossed to them.

Top had risen in the world since then. He had left rag-picking and gone into the news-

paper business, and even picked up a little learning at the night class in the newsboys' home. But he was loyal to his partner, and often shared his good fortune with him. He had a plan now for them both.

"I say, Tip, let's you and me go to farmin'."

Tip looked at Top, took off his hat, turned it over as if looking for an idea in it, and then put it on again, and said nothing.

"There's a chap comes down to the home told us fellars if you go out West a bit, the Guvment would let ye have a farm free, jest fer livin' on 't. Best kind o' ground, too. We could raise things to sell, besides havin' all the melons and stuff you could swaller every day."

"C'm' on," said Tip, his mouth watering at the thought. "Is it fur, out West, do ye recken ?"

"A good bit; but I've got some money, and we can walk it easy. Git yer other shirt, an' we'll start to-morrer mornin'."

That night Top drew all his money from the deposit at the newsboys' home—three dollars and sixty-five cents. The first thing he did was to buy two clay pipes and a paper of tobacco. Then he laid in a store of provisions, in the shape of a sheet of stale buns, a triangle of cheese, and a dozen herrings. Tip was on hand promptly, with his other shirt in a wad under his arm, and the two partners started "out West."

"May as well ride ten cents' worth," said Top, paying fare for the two on an omnibus that ran to the city limits.

Afterward they walked on toward the open prairie, breakfasting as they went, and adding to their stores a turnip and a couple of tomatoes that had jolted from some laden market-waggon. Miles and miles of market-gardens, where women and children were hoeing and weeding and gathering vegetables. They stopped at one house and asked for water, and a woman in a brown stuff petticoat and white short gown offered them some milk in a big yellow bowl, and a piece of black bread. A boy was eating long yellow carrots by the pump. Tip bit one, and liked it. Tip was always hungry. Then they went on, and by-and-by they came to the end of the gardens. There were great stubbly fields and a stack of yellow straw. They sat down by this stack to rest, and then Top thought of the pipes. The men whom he knew always smoked when they rested at noon, and so he and Tip tried it. They had tried it before with ends of cigars that they picked up, and once Top had bought a new cigar, a fifteen-center, and smoked it all, though it made him fearfully sick. The pipes did not seem to agree with them. Tip felt particularly uncomfortable, and wished he had not eaten that carrot. They did not make any remarks about it, but presently they put away the pipes and went to sleep in the sun. When they waked it was sunset and growing chilly.

"No use to go any further to-night," said Top; and they burrowed into the straw and were as snug as two field-mice.

In the morning there were only a herring and two very dry buns for breakfast; but the partners had seen much smaller rations than that in their day. They asked for water again when they came to a house, but the old lady who opened the door must have been deaf. She only shook her head and shoo-ed them away as if they had been two stray chickens. Next time they had better luck. A fat little woman with rosy red cheeks gave them a big basket to fill with chips, and when it was full she brought them each a thick slice of bread and butter and a great puffy brown doughnut. Afterward, they drank at the well out of a sweet-tasting dipper made of a cocoa-nut shell, and the woman looked up from the bread she was kneading to nod and smile as they went out of the gate. Next came a long strip of woods, without any houses, and beyond that, open prairie again.

"I think this is about fur 'nough," said Top, sitting down on a log. "I should kind o' like to have our farm nigh to the woman that give us the doughnuts. She's a good one, she is."

"Well," said Tip, "seems to be lots of land, and mighty scarce of houses. Let's take it half an' half, woods and perrary."

Now that the farm was located, the next thing to be done was to build a house. Never did Western emigrants find things more convenient, for near the roadside lay a pile of rails that had once been a fence about a hay-stack. These they dragged into the woods, and proceeded to build a hut against the trunk of a great tree. The result was not exactly a palace, but at least it was clean and airy, and they had slept in much worse quarters. They made a bed of green boughs and spread Tip's other shirt over it. Everything went well until Tip undertook to climb a tree after some wild grapes. A country boy would have known better than to trust the old dead limb from which they dangled; but Tip never suspected that a tree could wear out, until he found himself crashing headlong through the branches to the ground. He lay there so quiet that poor Top might as well have had no partner at all. Top was frightened, but he didn't give it up. He shook Tip and slapped him on the back; he even lighted a pipe and blew tobacco smoke in his face, all of which remedies he had seen used with success, though not upon people who had fallen out of trees. After a while, Tip began to breathe again in a jerky fashion, and then he got strength enough to groan dismally.

"Is it yer head?" asked Top, anxiously. "Are ye all right in yer bones ?"

"It's me laigs, and me spines is all smashed to flinders," moaned Tip.

Top managed to drag his unlucky partner into the hut; but the bed was anything but luxurious, and Tip was no hero to suffer in silence.

"Is it as bad as a whalin'?" asked Top, meaning to be sympathizing.

"Wuss," groaned Tip; but, after all, the suggestion had some comfort in it.

"Tip," said his partner, presently, "be ye sorry ye come out West?"

"No, not if I die," moaned Tip. "I seen a feller die once, fallin' down a elevator."

Tip tried to get up, but fell back with fresh howls.

"Don't you give up the farm, Top; and you can have all my clothes and my other shirt."

Top would have cried if he had known how, but just then a man coming down the wood-road stopped a moment to look and listen, and then strode up to the queer little hut, saying:

"What in cre-a-tion——?"

"He's hurt," said Top, briefly nodding his head at his partner.

"Hurt! I should think so! Who are you! and what are you doing here?"

"We're pardners, and we've took up this farm," began Top; but the man looked at the pair of beggars and laughed in a fashion that threatened to bring the rails down over his head.

"Well, well," he said at last, wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve, "if that ain't the biggest joke."

Then he sobered down a little, and felt Tip's bones—and, in fact, Tip was not much else but bones.

"No more meat'n a ladder! Well, well, well!" And he picked up poor Tip and marched away with him, while Top followed meekly. It seemed to him the man had on seven-league boots, he got over the ground so fast, while he could only limp after, for Top was getting sore and stiff from tramping. By and by, they turned into a green lane and came to the back-door of a house. The man laid Tip on a bench, and a shaggy dog came and sniffed at him.

"Molly Anderson!" called the man, and somebody came trotting briskly to the door, saying, "Well, John!" long before she came in sight.

It was the woman who had given them the doughnuts. Tip cried when he saw her, though he didn't know why, for he felt wonderfully glad.

Things were mixed up after that for a good many days, and Tip had queer fancies of going on and on, trying to find the best kind of a farm to settle down upon, until at last he waked up to find himself on a clean bed in a great breezy garret, with the pleasant little woman darning stockings beside him. The man was there too, and he said, in a cheerful voice: "They're made of cast-steel and whip-cords, them youngsters. He'll be right as a top in a day or two."

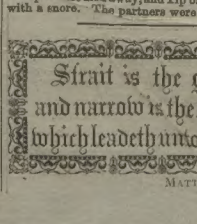
"The other one is Top," Tip tried to say, but his voice was so queer he did not know it, and wondered who had spoken.

In the end, the partners concluded to give up the farm; but the man who had befriended them gave them both work for a few weeks, and when one day they rode back to the city in a great loaded market-wagon, they felt far grander than the Lord Mayor for whom the bells rang "Turn again, Whittington!"

It was grander yet riding back again at night, with the new delight of returning to a home and a welcome.

"Tip," said Top, as they crept into bed, "I aint never goin' back to the city. When they won't keep us no more, and nobody wont keep us, I'm goin' to start along the road, and keep on till I come to somewheres. Roads is better'n streets; they always goes to somewheres that they didn't start from—"

Top's voice died away, and Tip only answered with a snore. The partners were asleep.



MATT. 7 14.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES

(From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON I.

JANUARY 7.]

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED. [About 975 B. C.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—But he forsook the counsel of the old men, which they had given him.—1 Kings, xii. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Bad counsels bring division.

READ 1 KINGS xii. 12-20. RECITE vs. 16, 17.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Prov. xii. 15-28. *T.*—Ps. v. 1-12. *W.*—2 Chron. xxv. 16-24. *Th.*—Josh. xxii. 10-20. *F.*—2 Kings xvii. 17-24. *Sa.*—1 Kings xii. 2-20. *S.*—Ps. xxxiii. 10-22.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Our last lesson in the Old Testament closed with the reign and writings of Solomon. After the visit of the queen of Sheba, Solomon fell into many great sins—marrying heathen wives, the worship of false gods, building idolatrous temples. Because of these sins many enemies troubled Solomon, and God told him that his kingdom would be divided. Solomon died in the fortieth year of his reign at Jerusalem, Rehoboam succeeded him as king.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Recall the beginning of the kingdom under Saul and some of the important events during the reign of Saul, of David, and of Solomon. Read 1 Kings xi., and notice the judgment which the Lord said he would bring upon Solomon, and its fulfilment.

NOTES.—*Jeroboam*, son of Nebat, of Zerada, and tribe of Ephraim (1 Kings xi. 26); made a collector of taxes by Solomon (xi. 28), and promised the rule of the ten tribes by Ahijah, the prophet (xi. 29-39); fled to Egypt; returned; made king over the ten tribes on their rebellion against Rehoboam; notorious for leading the people into idolatry; reigned twenty-two years (975-954 B. C.).—*Rehoboam*, son and successor of Solomon; unwisely denied the petition of the people, which led to a rebellion and a division of the kingdom; king over Judah and Benjamin only; plundered the temple to purchase peace with Shishak, king of Egypt; reigned seventeen years (975-958).—*Ahijah*, of Shiloh, a prophet; only two of his prophecies recorded—that to Jeroboam (1 Kings xi. 31), and to Jeroboam's wife (xiv. 6). He wrote some account of Solomon's reign. 2 Chron. ix. 29.—*Adoniram*, a collector of the taxes, probably the same as Adoniram (1 Kings iv. 6) and Hadoram (2 Sam. xx. 24) during the reign of David and Solomon. Some think these were three persons—Adoram under David, Adoniram under Solomon, and Adoram II. under Rehoboam; but this seems less probable. *Stoned*, a form never years cover all these events. The Greek, Syriac, and Arabic versions read "Adoriram" in this text.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) THE ROUGH ANSWER. (II.) THE REVOLT.

I. THE ROUGH ANSWER. (12) **all the people**, ten tribes, or those oppressed; **third day**, see v. 5. (13.) **roughly**, harshly. (14.) **my father**, Solomon; **yoke heavy**, taxes larger; **chastise**, to give pain, to punish; **whips . . . scorpions**, a common rush; and a three-thonged whip having leaden balls or spikes at the end. (15.) **Ahijah**, see Notes, and chap. xi. 11.

I. Questions.—Why did the people come to Rehoboam? Whose son was he? What had they asked? v. 4. Who came with the people? How old the king answer them? By whose advice? Whose counsel did forsake? State his answer. Give the meaning of chastise. Of scorpions. Who had foretold this event? v. 15. Who noticed and guided these events? v. 15.

II. THE REVOLT. (16.) **hearkened not**, refused their request; **what portion**, see 2 Sam. xx. 1; **to your tents**, look to your own affairs; **Israel**, ten tribes. (17.) **Israel . . . of Judah**, those of the tribes living in Judah. (18.) **Adoram**, see Notes; **the tribute**, the taxes; **to Jerusalem**, he was made king at Shechem. v. 1. (19) **rebelled**, *Heb.* "fell away." (20.) **All Israel**, the ten tribes, probably a general meeting (v. 1); the delegates only may have come; **made him king**, having rebelled against Rehoboam; **house of David**, now Rehoboam; the kingdom was divided; two kings, one at Jerusalem and the other at Shechem.

II. Questions.—What was the effect of Rehoboam's answer on the people? What did they say? Who left him? Who submitted to him? Who was sent to bring the rebellious party back? How was he treated? What effect did this have on the king? Whither did he flee? How many of the tribes rebelled? Who was made king over them? Where? What portion of Israel was left to Rehoboam?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The value of wise counsels?

(2.) The folly of answering the oppressed roughly?

(3.) The danger of neglecting the counsel of the aged?

Illustration.—*Bad counsel.* Lord Bacon wisely says, "The kingdom of Israel was first rent and broken by ill counsel; upon which counsel there are set for our instruction the two marks whereby bad counsel is for ever best discerned—that it was *young* counsel for persons, and *violent* counsel for matter."

Disregarding good counsel. "Be sure not to go beyond your depth in the river," said Mr. Wise to his son Herbert. "The surface looks fair, but there is an ugly eddy, which may prove too strong for you. I have tried it and it nearly overcame me. So beware!" Herbert kept near the shore for a time, but seeing the river so smooth proposed to go a little way. His companion urged him not to go. "I will not go far; if it is dangerous, I can come back," he replied, "for I can swim now." He went; his companion watched him; soon saw him throw out his arms and hear him shout for help; but when help came it was too late. He lost his life in the treacherous stream by not regarding his father's counsel.

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

End of Bad	and	of Good Counsel.
YOUNG COUNSELLORS.		OLD COUNSELLORS.
Rough Words		Good Words
Still up Strife,		Peace,
Division.		Unity.

LESSON II.

JANUARY 14.]

THE SIN OF JEROBOAM. [About 975-954 B. C.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—And he shall give Israel up, because of the sins of Jeroboam, who did sin, and who made Israel to sin.—1 Kings, xiv. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Self-pleasing leads to idolatry.

READ 1 KINGS xii. 25-33. RECITE vs. 28-30.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Josh. xxvi. 21-29. *T.*—Deut. xii. 1-15. *W.*—Ex. xxxii. 1-18. *Th.*—Deut. iv. 14-20. *F.*—2 Kings x. 18-28. *Sa.*—Isa. xlv. 9-20. *S.*—1 Kings xii. 25-33.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Jeroboam ruled over the ten tribes, forming a nation known as the "kingdom of Israel;" the other two tribes, clinging to the old Government, were called the "kingdom of Judah." Jeroboam reigned for twenty-two years.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read the whole chapter carefully, and notice—(1.) That Jeroboam and his party had a just cause of complaint. (2.) They were answered harshly. (3.) But the spirit they showed was a rebellious spirit; and their next step was into idolatry—rebellion against God.

NOTES.—*Shechem*, an old city (Gen. xii. 6); spoiled by Simeon (Gen. xxxiii. 18; xxxiv. 27); a city of refuge (Josh. xx. 7); burial-place of Joseph (Josh. xxiv. 32); capital of the ten tribes; centre of Samaritan worship, now called Nablus, 33 miles north of Jerusalem, and 7 miles south of Samaria; population about 15,000. —*Mount Ephraim*, a range of mountains in the territory of Ephraim, of which Ebal and Gerizim are the most noted peaks.—*Penuel*, or Paniel (Gen. xxxii. 30), a place between the brook Jabbok and Succoth, destroyed by Gideon; rebuilt by Jeroboam; its exact site is not certainly known.—*Bethel*, a city twenty-seven years cover all these events. The Greek, Syriac, and Arabic versions read "Adoriram" in this text. north of Jerusalem; where Abraham built an altar; named by Jacob; Samuel judged there; became a seat of idols (Hosea x. 5); modern name is *Beitin*.—*Dan*, the most northern city of Israel, first called Laish; made a seat of idolatry 400 years before Jeroboam's time (Judg. xviii. 30); was about 3 miles west of Cæsarea Philippi (*Banias*).

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) JEROBOAM'S FEAR. (II.) JEROBOAM'S IDOLATRY.

I. JEROBOAM'S FEAR. (25.) **built**, fortified or rebuilt (see Judg. ix. 45); **Shechem . . . Mount Ephraim . . . Penuel.** See Notes. (26.) **kingdom return**, the people return. (27.) **go up**, Jerusalem was on the highest table-land of Palestine, hence it was up to that city; **house of the Lord**, the temple built by Solomon; **turn again**, accept Rehoboam as king; **kill me**, as they did his father.

I. Questions.—What place did Jeroboam fortify and and make his capital? Describe Shechem. What other place did he fortify? Where was Penuel? What did Jeroboam fear? Why did he fear this?

II. JEROBOAM'S IDOLATRY. (28.) **two calves**, (see Ex. xxxii. 4; 2 Kings x. 29); **behold thy gods**, as Aaron had said. (29.) **Beth-el**, on the south side of his kingdom; **Dan**, at the north border of Israel. (30.) **became a sin**, *Heb.* "was a sin;" **before the one**, either more people worshipped the idol at Dan, or "they went to Beth," even as far as to the one at Dan. See v. 32. (31.) **house of high places**, an altar or temple to rival that at Jerusalem; **priests of the lowest**, *Heb.* "of the masses," of the people, and not of the Levites only. (32.) **a feast**, like the feast of tabernacles or of harvests, only one month later. The harvest was later in Northern Palestine; **offered**, *Heb.* "went up to the altar," same as priests. (33.) **incense**, only priests were to offer this. Ex. xxx. 34-38.

II. Questions.—Why did king the take counsel? What did he make? What reason did he give to the people? Where did he place these calves? Was this a great sin? What did he build as places of worship? Who were made priests? Why was this a sin? What new feast did he appoint? When? To take the place of what? How much later? Why held later? What other sins did Jeroboam commit? v. 32, 33.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The danger of leaving God's people?

(2.) Of disobeying any of God's commands?

Illustration.—*In sin to sorrow.* In the Golden Text it is said God shall give Israel up. In the fifth year of Rehoboam's reign, Shishak, king of Egypt, invaded Palestine with a powerful army, captured the walled towns of Judah; and would have taken Jerusalem had not Rehoboam given up the treasures of the temple and of his own palace and promised to pay further tribute to Egypt to procure peace. This success Shishak noted on the outside of the great temple at Karnak, giving a long list of

the captured towns and districts; and this record has been discovered and lately deciphered by learned scholars, thus giving new proofs of the accuracy of the Bible record. (See "Rawlinson's Hist. Evidences" p. 109.)

Idols in the heart. Travellers tell us of a tribe in Africa so given to idolatry that they fill their huts and hovels with so many idols that they do not even leave room for their families. How many men there are who fill their hearts so full of the idols of sin that there is no room in them for any love to God or any regard for his law!

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

We propose to give this year a series of selected Scripture Enigmas which will set our young folks at work searching their Bibles. We will give one or more in every number but not the answers, as we hope to receive at the end of the year a complete list of these from all who have been successful in finding them out. We will publish the names of all who send in correct answers to all the questions, and we hope none will be discouraged in trying because some of the puzzles are difficult.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

I

In the water, in the air, and in the busy brain,
Busy once, but nevermore to hate or love again;
One of five, all like itself, in deadly deed united,
And yet delivering those in whom the Lord of Hosts delighted.

II.

1. A man who made a wretched choice.
2. A man raised up as a deliverer.
3. A woman beautiful and well-favored.
4. A woman called "a mother in Israel."
5. A king of Egypt who besieged Jerusalem.
6. A king of Israel rebuked by a prophet.
7. A queen who made a great feast.
8. A queen who saved her nation.
9. A city famous in the early history of the world.
10. A city in Asia mentioned in the New Testament.
11. A letter which commences no name in the Bible.
12. A letter of the earliest-named place in the Bible.
13. A nation often at war with the Jews.
14. A nation that had wars with Assyria.
15. A place mentioned in Paul's last voyage.
16. A place visited by Paul and Barnabas.
17. A mountain possessed by the Edomites.
18. A mountain where the Lord spake to Israel.

The *initials* give words spoken in a time of great peril.

GREETING.

With this number the MESSENGER enters on the twelfth year of its existence; but it does not feel its age—in fact, is much livelier and younger than ever before. It hopes to continue carrying its message twice every month—as it has been doing in the past—very, very many years yet. If any one were to follow it on its errands he would have a wide experience ere many weeks. With it he would enter the grand mansions of the cities and the poorest hovel, perhaps a few blocks away; but its words, the same in each case, would be equally treasured, though perhaps from widely different reasons. He would have to travel with it to British Columbia, England and Newfoundland; to the Northern States, where it is teaching its lessons in Sunday-schools; and to the Southern States, where the Freedmen are beginning to recognize it as belonging especially to them. In the farmer's cosy house, the [illegible]'s cottage, north, south, east or west, it is the same,—it is equally well received.

This appears strange at first sight, but the reason is plain. Good thoughts, good deeds, good acts, good lives, good influences and good intentions are not local in their nature. Christianity leaps over the bounds set up by notions, customs or prejudices. Its message is efficacious wherever and by whomsoever received. That it may be the mission of the NORTHERN MESSENGER to carry Christian words of instruction, direction and comfort, more largely and more efficiently than ever before is our desire.

THIS YEAR.

Two years ago we asked that the circulation of the MESSENGER, then fifteen thousand, be doubled in twelve months. It was doubled a few days after the expiration of that time. Eleven months ago we asked that its circulation of thirty thousand be doubled in a year. The circulation is now fifty thousand, with a month in which to obtain the other ten thousand. We would like to send *sixty thousand* copies of this number to regular subscribers. We can do it with the help of all our friends who think that the spread of the MESSENGER would result in good. One new subscriber each would give us a circulation of a hundred thousand. It could be obtained by a very little labor if the work evenly divided. Will each subscriber try to send a new subscription with his or her own, and thus double the good the MESSENGER may now perform. The paper that the MESSENGER is printed on is to be improved at once, and much greater attention will henceforth be paid to the engravings. This is the result of last year's increase in circulation. If the same percentage of increase is continued, many improvements we dare not now mention lest circumstances should not justify them, will be made.

A CURIOSITY.

We purpose issuing our DOMINION CALENDAR this year in the form of a sixteen-page pamphlet, each page a quarter the size of this one. One of these pages will represent a full page of the WEEKLY WITNESS reduced by photo-lithography so as to be all contained in it. Although the type is almost infinitesimal, it is clearly legible to sharp eyes. Another page will contain engravings of six or eight most prominent Canadians reduced with the reading matter in the same manner, while a third will contain portraits of Disraeli, Gladstone and other most prominent European statesmen. This calendar will be a marvel in its way and will be preserved as a curiosity. A copy will be enclosed in each of the WITNESS publications mailed at the New Year.

THE PRIZES.

It is wonderful how many applications we receive every day for copies of our papers to be used in canvassing for the skates. Each day brings ten, twenty, or twenty-five, and sometimes even more. Already about thirty pair of skates have been forwarded to those who sent their ten dollars in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications, and such answers as the following have been received in reply. This is from a Nova Scotian boy:—

"I received the skates and your letters containing the commission offered to agents, and I will go to work at once to canvass. How many subscribers do you think it would take to get the $50 prize? * * * It did not do me much good in a business point of view to get the skates first. Only they are good skates, and if I waited till I canvassed for the prize it would be almost too late to be getting skates. When I got mine, the young fellows when they saw them and I told them where I got them, went to work to canvass for the purpose of getting a pair too. Your paper (speaking of the WEEKLY WITNESS) is so good and cheap that it is no trouble to get subscribers where the people have a little common-sense and a little money. I never hear it said that the paper is not good or too dear, and if they don't subscribe it is because they have not the wherewith. I get every encouragement from religious people and ministers—my father is one of the latter class."

A Toronto boy writes:—

"I send my measure for the Eureka Club skates, which are the best in Toronto, and all the boys are trying to get them."

Another Toronto boy, who also has not received his skates, gives his opinion from hearsay:—

"They say the Eureka skates are the best in the city."

Several grown-up people have received them, and the unanimous opinion so far is that they are splendid.

There are plenty of skates left yet, and we would like to send a pair on the conditions advertised to every subscriber to the MESSENGER. The earlier the amounts are sent in, the sooner the skates will be on the feet of those who win them. If any of our workers who find that they cannot get the whole of the amount necessary to obtain the skates, but having advanced some way towards them, send us a letter stating they have worked very hard but were unsuccessful, and containing the amount collected, they will receive a present in return in accordance with the amount sent. Christmas week should be a grand harvest time for skates.

THE TESTIMONIAL FUND.

TO THE FRIENDS AND WELL-WISHERS OF THE "MONTREAL WITNESS."

The Executive Committee appointed to receive and apply the contributions that might be made to the MONTREAL WITNESS TESTIMONIAL FUND, beg very respectfully to inform the contributors, that up to the present date there are 1,135 subscribers, whose total subscriptions in Cash and Guarantee Notes amount to $5,169.59, of which $2,607 97 have been paid in to the Treasurer. The balance ($2,561.62) is mainly represented by subscriptions which are being paid, by instalments.

The Committee are disappointed that there has not been a more general or prompt response. They desire to call the attention of subscribers who are paying by instalments, to the importance of doing so in strict compliance with the dates as they fall due. It is hoped persons who have not yet availed themselves of opportunities to subscribe (and it is believed there are very many such throughout the Dominion), may see the propriety of doing so without delay,—as the Committee must be guided to a decision respecting the disposition of the Fund, so soon as is possible, consistently with the conditions of subscriptions. It is hoped that the many friends of the WITNESS will give this suggestion their consideration, and that they will, without delay, spontaneously express themselves in the substantial manner which they may have probably deferred, through misapprehension as to the necessity for restricting the movement within ordinary limits as to time.

Subscriptions may be sent to Charles Alexander, Esq., 389 Notre Dame street; to the Secretary, at the Board of Trade Office; or to the WITNESS Office.

HUGH MCLENNAN, Chairman.
CHARLES ALEXANDER, Treasurer,
WM. J. PATTERSON, Secretary.

MONTREAL, Dec. 10, 1876.

THE BEST CHANCE YET.

CASH PRIZES

TO BE COMPETED FOR;

CASH COMMISSIONS,

AND

SKATES FOR EVERYBODY.

THE PRIZES.

1. To the person sending the largest amount of money on or before 15th January as payment in advance for our publications..... $50
2. To the person sending in the second largest amount..... 40
3. To do do third do 30
4. To do do fourth do 20
5. To do do fifth do 15
6. To do do sixth do 10
7. To do do seventh do 5
8. To do do eighth do 5
9. To do do ninth do 5
10. To do do tenth do 5
11. To do do eleventh do 5
12. To do do twelfth do 5

All subscription lists sent in for these prizes must be marked

"IN COMPETITION,"

or they cannot be recognized in the count for prizes.

READ ON.

Every competitor who sends in NEW subscriptions to the amount of $10 deducting no commissions therefrom, will, almost immediately on the receipt of the amount, receive a

PAIR OF EUREKA CLUB SKATES,

so that every competitor will be sure of a good prize. On all amounts sent in for subscriptions above $10, upon the whole amount, if the skates are not desired he may receive a cash commission.

A circular specifying the

CASH COMMISSIONS

on our publications will be sent to all competitors on receipt of the first letter from each *bona fide* worker.

DIRECTIONS.

Mark all letters for prizes "in competition."

Write the names and addresses of subscribers and amounts distinctly, so that every subscriber will be sure to get his paper promptly.

Send in the subscriptions at least one a week, so that each new subscriber who receives his paper may recommend it to others.

Always state distinctly whether the subscriptions are new or renewal, and what paper they are intended for, WITNESS, DOMINION MONTHLY or MESSENGER.

Go to work at once, canvas thoroughly, calling on every one who wants such papers as you have to show, gain your skates for the first ice, and then follow on for the $50 prize.

Remember that subscriptions for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and WITNESS count the prizes as well as those for the MESSENGER.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GIRLS AND BOYS,

the skate you will get when you send in your $10 subscriptions, is not a common skate, but the "Eureka Club Skate."

Look at it.

It is held to be the best and really the only perfect Self-fastening Skate manufactured. It differs a little from other self-fastening skates as it *never leaves the skater and goes alone.* Always ready for any size of boot. No setting of clamps; no pieces to lose. Impossible to jump it off your boot. Put on And take off in a moment without the least trouble.

When you complete your $10, send the length of your boot sole, from heel to toe, in paper, and a pair of Eureka Club Skates to fit you will be sent almost immediately.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the impossibility of sending skates by parcel post to the United States, we cannot promise our friends there, who send us $10 in new subscriptions, the *Eureka Club Skate*, but are making arrangements to provide them with the best kind of skates obtainable in New York.

—We will send sample copies of the MESSENGER to any person desiring them for canvassing purposes, on application.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS' COCOA.—*Grateful and Comforting.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled thus:—James Epps & Co, Homœopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle street, and 170, Piccadilly, London, England.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS

IS A

PAPER FOR THE TIMES AND PEOPLE.

It is full of

News.
General Information.
Commercial Information.
Articles for the
Fireside.
The Kitchen.
The Children.

It contains nearly every week

FULL REPORTS OF SERMONS

by the most prominent Canadian and Foreign ministers.

Price $1.10 a year.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
MONTREAL.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THIS, THE

OLDEST CANADIAN MAGAZINE

is now well supported by a large corps of contributors, and being well illustrated and neatly printed, has become

A GENERAL FAVORITE.

It contains ninety-six pages each number, or eleven hundred and fifty pages a year.

Price $1.50 a year.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 218 and 220 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of JOHN DOUGALL, of New York, and JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL and J. D. DOUGALL, of Montreal.